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JUNKWAFFEL

by VAUGHN BODE

GLUB!

PRINT
PRINT
MINT

no. 2
ADULTS ONLY

VAUGHN BODE

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THIS ONE IS TO JEFF JONES & LENNY GOTTE.



TUBS



by
VAUGHN
BOOE

[THERE IS THIS TINY PLANET NAMED BOWLING BEAN YOU SEE, AND IT ORBITS ALONG WITH FOUR OTHER COMPANIONS, IN A PLANE PERPENDICULAR TO THE REST OF OUR SOLAR SYSTEM. BOWLING BEAN HAS THIS ONE PROBLEM OR AT LEAST A PRESSING ONE: MASS STARVATION... WITHIN A YEAR... NOT ENOUGH FOOD... IN TEDDY PENNY SOUTH, THE HANDSOME CAPITAL CITY OF NICKYPOO, THE I.E.A. [INTERNATIONAL EMERGENCY ASSEMBLY] HAS ACCEPTED A FANTASTIC FOOD PRODUCTION SCHEME PROPOSED BY THE OFFICIAL REPRESENTATIVES OF NICKYPOO: BRANDY PUNTLOUSE AND STEWART SYMINGTON. CRANBERRY ANNOUNCED THE RENTAL OF A TIME MACHINE WHICH WILL ESTABLISH A FORT AND EVENTUALLY A LIVESTOCK OR 'MONSTER-STOCK' TIME TRANSPORTER TO SEND UNLIMITED FOOD BACK UP 78 MILLION YEARS TO THE PRESENT! ALTHOUGH CERTAIN OPPOSITION TO THE PLAN AROSE, IT HAD TO CARRY AS THE ONLY ALTERNATIVE TO FAMINE, SOCIAL CHAOS AND THE EVENTUAL RUIN OF BOWLING BEAN'S CIVILIZATIONS... THE TIME MACHINE 'TIME TOWER' AND ITS OPERATOR, S PLY, HAVE FINISHED PREPARATIONS FOR THE NEXT TRIP BACK IN TIME. THIS TIME HE WILL TAKE ALONG THE NICKYPOO SOLDIERS WHO ARE TO LIVE AND WORK IN THE PAST!]

I CANNOT WAIT MUCH LONGER MR. PUNTLOUSE... THE ENTIRE CONJUNCTION PATTERN WILL BEGIN DISINTEGRATION IN LESS THAN ONE HOUR....

YOUR PROBLEM IS DAT YOU GOT NO LESS TO STAND ON... YOU GOT NO STURDY BI-POD STAND TO STAND ON, JUST DAT WORMY LOOKIN' TAIL SECTION..

MIND YOUR TONGUE MR. PUNTLOUSE, MY DOOM MARBLE CAN EASILY DEDUCE THOSE WHO BEAR ME ILL... UNDERSTAND?...

DON'T GET UPPITY WIF ME, YOU EVIL LOOKIN' TEA TOTTELIN' ZIPPED UP BLACK BAG OF HOT AIR!! I IS DA NICKYPOO AMBASSADOR! SECOND IN CHARGE OF EMPLOYIN' YOU AN YER DUMPY LIGHT HOUSE!!



PUNTLOUSE!!... I WARN YOU NOT TO PRESS ME!!... I WILL WAIT FOR YOUR MR. CRANBERRY EXACTLY 15 MINUTES... THEN I SHALL CARRY OUT MY TIME COMMISSION!!

BUT YOU CANT LEAVE UNTIL MY BUDDY, STEW, GETS HERE! HE GOT EVERY RIGHT TO WATCH OUR BOYS GO BACK INTO TIME WIF YOU... I MEAN, HE IS OUR NATIONAL IMAGE!!

RUDOLF TUBS, YOU IS POSSIBLY DA MOST DISGUSTING PARTNER, A BATTLE HARDENED PROFESSIONAL LIKE ME HAS EVER HAD TO BUNK UP WIF... PA-TOOY!

WELL, I TELL YOU WHAT YOU IS, PEPPERBOX, YOU IS A BOOT STOMPIN' FASCIST... AN GET OFF MY FOOT BULLET-BRAIN...

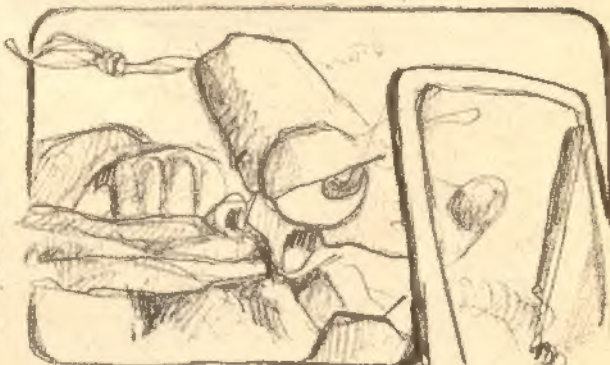
WE JUST GOT WORD DAT STEWART SYMINGTON CRANBERRY IS ON HIS WAY AN WILL BE HERE DIRECTLY...



AMH...WHAT A BEAUTIFUL WINTER DAY...WINTER IS MILD IN THE DUST BUMP MOUNTAINS...BUT I FEELS UNEASY, I SUSPECT DA WAR OFFICE HAS PURPOSELY TRIED TO SABOTAGE MY TIME PROGRAM BY ASSIGNIN' TWO OF THA MOST INCOMPETENT SOLDIERS IN NICKY DOO TO MAN FORT TIME PIPER...I'LL HAS TO STOP TODAY'S MISSION...TALK TO DA MINISTRY, GET SOME ACTION....

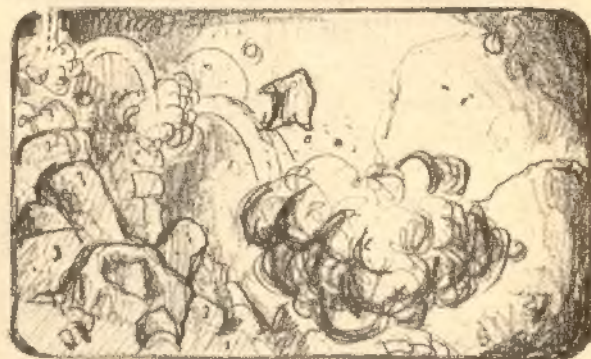
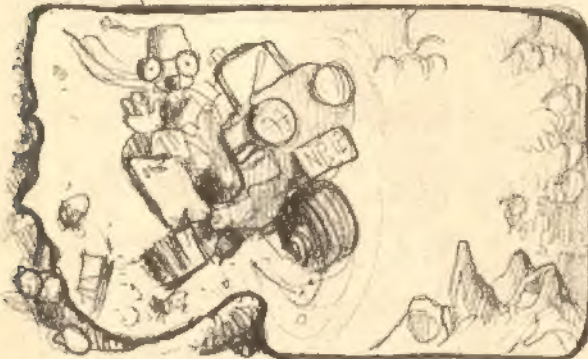
IMAGINE BOWLING BEAN'S FUTURE IN DA HANDS OF THOSE MORONS. RUDDIE TUBS AND VIKTOR PEPPERBOX! TUBS IS A BORN CONWARTO TRYIN TO ESCAPE A HOWLIN' NAGGING WIFE AN SIX KIDS...

AND PEPPERBOX IS A LEAD HEAD FASUST WHO WANTS TO CONTROL THE WORLD... (BETTER SHIFT DOWN) DA GEN. STAFF GOT SOMETHING UP THEIR MURKY SLEEVES...IT'S IMPERATIVE I RESCIND THAT ORDER OR...



OOPS! P-BOONT

CRASH! BANG! BANG! KUMPH!



MR. PUNTLOUSE! MR. PUNTLOUSE!! AWFUL, TERRIBLE NEWS!! STEWART SYMINGTON CRANBERRY HAS BEEN KILLED IN A HORRIBLE FIERY CAR CRASH!!



STEW'S
DEAD!...

MR. DUNDOOSE... MY AH... SYMPATHIES...
I AM GRIEVED THAT SUCH A BRIGHT YOUNG
LEADER IS LOST TO NICKY POO... BUT...
DEATH IS A UNIVERSAL CONSTANT
THAT WILL NOT BE REVERSED... THE
TIME TO DE BARK IS HERE... ARE
YOUR TWO SOLDIERS READY?...

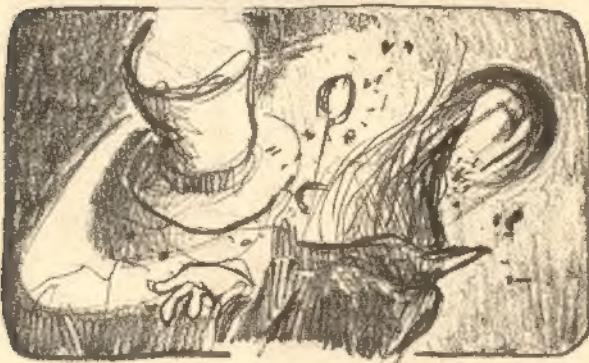
YOU BLACK HEARTED
POMPOUS CRUMB BUMB
ALIEN SNAKE, I'LL

DOOM
MARBLE!



RUNCH!

LET'S GET THIS STRAIGHT! I AM SPLY AND THIS IS MY TIME
TOWER... I HELP THIS TINY PLANET IN AN HOUR OF NEED
ONLY FOR A FEE, ONLY BECAUSE I HAVE NO CHOICE, ONLY
BECAUSE I MUST HAVE IMMEDIATE CAPITAL... I WILL CARRY OUT
MY COMMISSION FAIRLY, YOU WILL NOT BACK OUT... MR. CRAN-
BERRY'S DEAD, YOU ARE ALIVE... YOU ARE RESPONSIBLE TO
YOUR RACES AND I AM YOUR ONLY HOPE...



AH HA, YOU SEE THAT
YOU CRAWLING JELLY
BELLY... DAT'S WHAT
YOU CALL'S COMMAND
OF DA SITUATION...
IRON DOMINATION!!

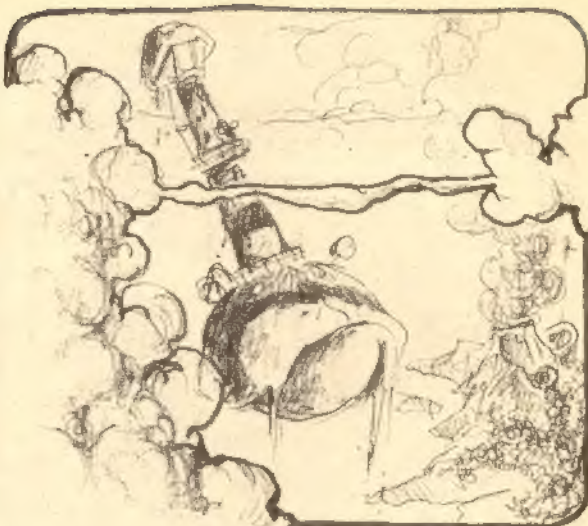
WILL... WILL YOU JUST BE
QUIET YOU MOTH EATIN
BLOW HARD!... HAVE A
LITTLE RESPECT... IT NOT
EVERY COMIC STRIP DAT
LOSES A MAIN CHARACTER...

MR. TUBS, MR. PEPPERBOX,
GET ON BOARD. THE
HOUR OF CONJUNCTION
IS AT HAND... WE DEBARK
IMMEDIATELY...

JAVOL
HEIR SPLY!



AS THE ARTIST, WRITER AND HISTORIAN OF THE FANTASTIC TUBS SERIES, I MUST COMPLY TO CERTAIN SPECIFIC WISHES OF PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS, NAMELY SPLY... IT IS SPLY'S EXPRESS WISH THAT I NOT SHOW ANY INTERIOR ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE 'TIME TOWER' AND ITS ADVANCED MACHINERY... ALSO, AND IN THIS I MUST CONCUR, I SHOULD NOT EVEN ATTEMPT TO ILLUSTRATE THE TIME PASSAGE SEGMENT... BECAUSE OF SPACE AND THE QUALITY OF THIS PULPY PUBLICATION I WON'T DO IT... TIME TRAVELING IS LIKE A MILLION FULL-COLOR POSTERS RUNNING TOGETHER AND BURSTING UPWARD LIKE UPSIDE DOWN PORTUGUESE MAN-O-WARS... REALLY, BELIEVE ME, I WOULDN'T LIE ABOUT A THING LIKE THIS... TIME IS IMPOSSIBLE TO ACCURATELY DEPICT WITH PENCIL AND PEN... SO, I RESPECT SPLY'S DESIRES IN BOTH MATTERS AND I HOPE YOU WILL TRY TO UNDERSTAND AND ADJUST AND ACCEPT THE TOTAL CHANGE OF SCENERY AS THE VALID END RESULT IN A CENSORED SEVENTY EIGHT MILLION YEAR VOYAGE BACK ACROSS THE MOLTING COLORS OF TIME... A VOYAGE NOT WITHOUT STRANGE BUMPS AND SUBLIMINAL DIMENSIONAL HANGUPS... A VOYAGE NOT UNLIKE A PAINT TRUCK THAT FALLS OFF A SEVENTY EIGHT STORY BUILDING....



WOW, DAT WAS A FANTASTIC RIDE... I NEVER SAW SO MUCH PRETTY COLORFUL COLOR!!

TUBS, YOU SNAVELING WORM, I DON'T SHARE YOU LOVE OF DAT POETIC MUSHY JUNK... ITS NOT MILITARY OR MANLY OR ANYTHING BUT WEAK DRIBBLE... BESIDES, I IS COLOR BLIND...

LOOK, I SEE FORT TIME PIPER!!

NOW DATS WHAT I CALLS BEAUTY. A BOY CAN GET HIS TEETH INTO DAT KIND OF THING... IRON AN CONCRETE AN COLD LEAD... JUST MY STINE OF BLACK ALE....



WAGHIN 69



WHAT A CUSHY DUTY STATION! A PROVERBIAL PARADISE!!

PEPPERBOX LOOK IT!!

ROAR! BOOM! KABOOM! KABOOM!



THE END

CHEECH WIZARD

IN HIS STUDENT DAYS

by VAUGHN BODE



ONCE UPON A TIME, AT 2:30 IN THE AFTERNOON ON THE TINY PLANET OF SUMMERHOUSE (WHICH ORBITS IN A PLANE PERPENDICULAR TO THE REST OF OUR SOLAR SYSTEM), THERE LIVES A STUDENT WIZARD WHO WEARS A BIG HAT TO MASK HIS TRUE IDENTITY. CHEECH IS MAJORING IN A VARIETY OF THINGS FROM SLIGHT OF HAND TRICKS TO OUTRIGHT FORGERY. BUT, DESPITE CHEECH'S INDOMITABLE, NEVER-GIVE-UP ATTITUDE, HE HAS FAILED ANOTHER SEMESTER AT S.U. (SORCEROR'S UNIVERSITY UP ON GOOD OL' MOON CHUNK CRATER). HE HAS FAILED TWELVE SEMESTERS, EVERY ONE WITH THE OUTSTANDING DETERMINATION AND BRIGHT THAT MARKS HIM A NOTCH BELOW THE MASS MILLING STUDENT BODY OF LIZARDS, TOADS, BEARS, RABBITS, AND BROADS...



THE SECOND WEEK OF CLASS CHEECH WANDERS ONTO THE QUAD...

LOOK, RIFF RAFF, I IS PAYIN' YOU GOOD MONEY TO LUG MY BOOKS SO DON'T GO GIVIN' ME SOB STORIES BOUT CURVATURE OF DA SPINE...



HE REPORTS TO THE CHANCELLOR'S OFFICE TO SEE HOW THINGS ARE GOING...

HI YA, FATBOY, I SEES YOU LOST WEIGHT IN ONE OF YOU EYES... BEEN LOOKIN' THROUGH TOO MANY KEYHOLES.

YOU YOU SLIME, YOU WORM'S WORM, YOU BUMBLING PARANOID HAT!! YOU'RE TWO WEEKS LATE AND YOU WERE TOLD NOT TO COME BACK ANYWAY!!



AFTER CHEECH PACIFIES THE CHANCELLOR WITH BLACKMAIL, HE AMBLES ACROSS THE QUAD TOWARD HIS FIRST CLASS...

OW, YOU PINCHED ME!!

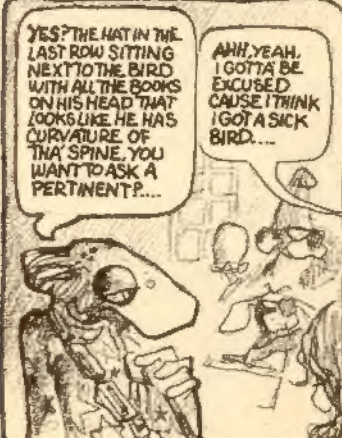
HOW COULD I DO DAT, I DON'T GOT NO HANDS...



SINCE THE CAMPUS POLICE RELEASE HIM FOR WASHING ON THE QUAD, CHEECH ATTENDS HIS FIRST LECTURE...

YES? THE HAT IN THE LAST ROW SITTING NEXT TO THE BIRD WITH ALL THE BOOKS ON HIS HEAD THAT LOOKS LIKE HE HAS CURVATURE OF THA SPINE, YOU WANT TO ASK A PERTINENT P...

AHH, YEAH, I GOTTA BE EXCUSED CAUSE I THINK I GOT A SICK BIRD...



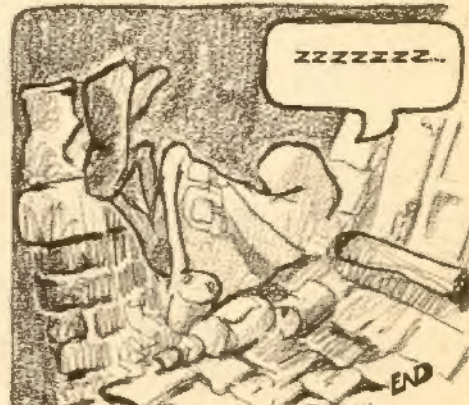
IN HIS FIRST EXHAUSTING DAY OVER CHEECH GOES BACK TO THE FRATERNITY HOUSE TO STUDY DARK MYSTIC MAGIC TRICKS...

OKAY, YOU TIC-PLAGUED, FEATHER, DUSTER, PICKA CARD, ANY CARD...



LATER IN THE NIGHT, WHEN ALL HIS FRATERNITY BROTHERS AND THINGS ARE SLEEPING OFF THE BEER BLAST, CHEECH STUMBLES OUT ONTO THE ROOF TO LOOK AT THE STARS AND THINK WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT AND WHY THINGS ARE...

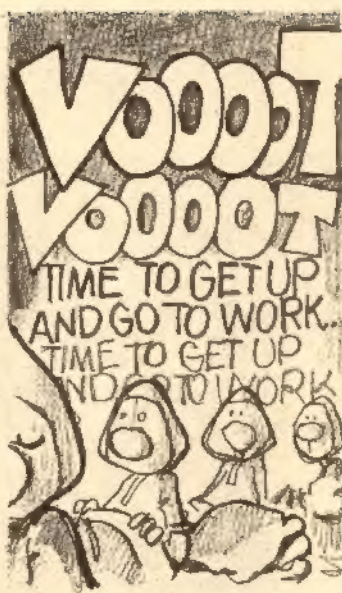
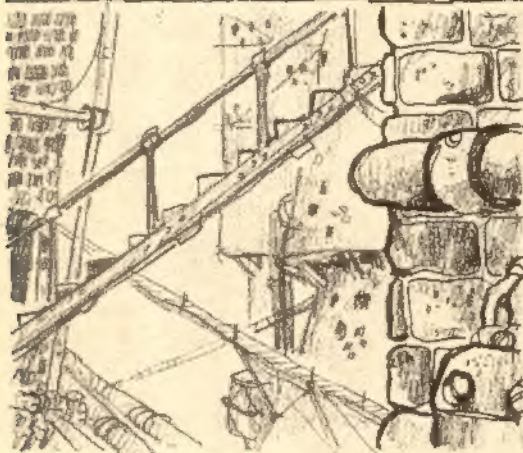
ZZZZZZZZ...



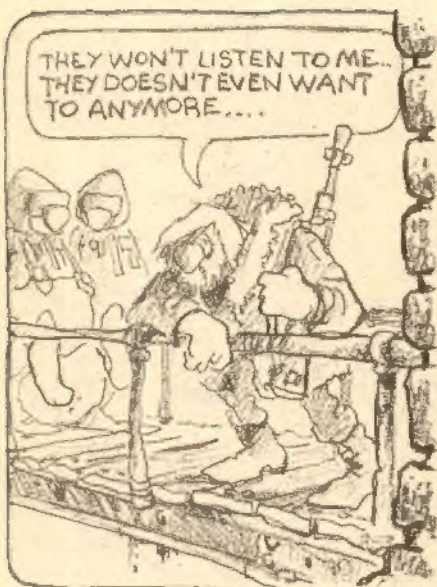
VAUGHN BODE

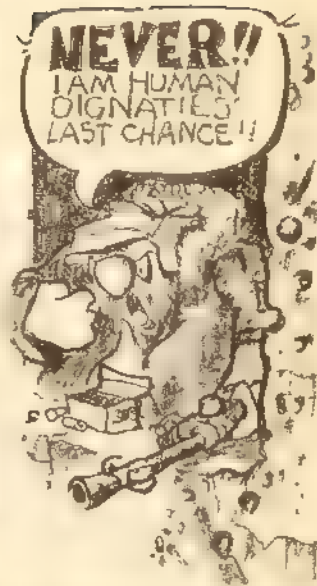
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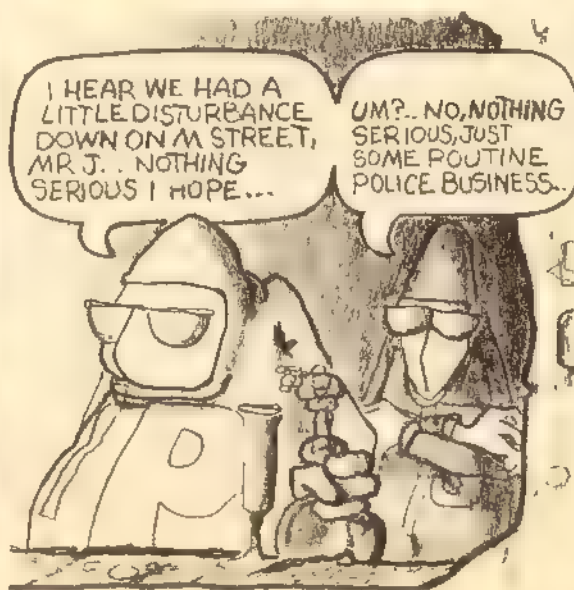
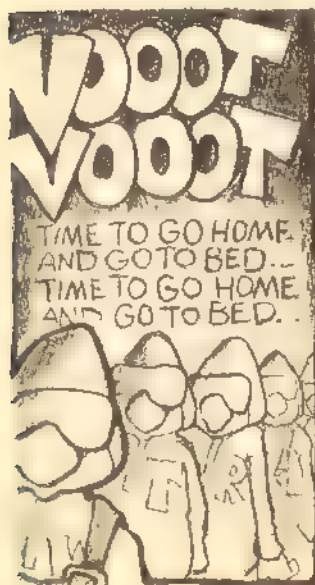
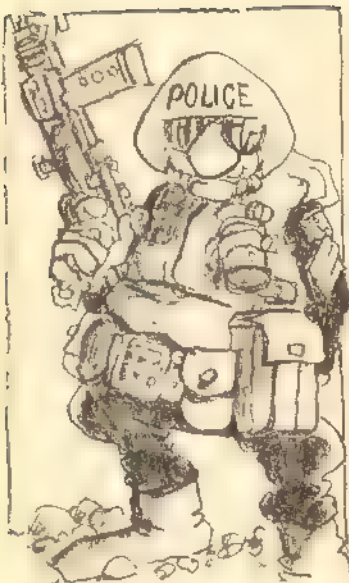
THE RUDOLF











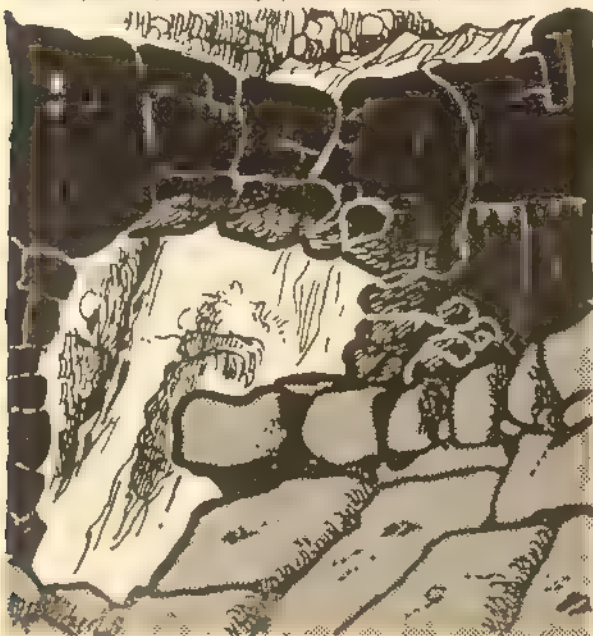
IN THE LATE AFTERNOON, A LIGHT BREEZE COMES DOWN OVER THE HIGH MOUNTAINS AND ENDLESS CANYONS..THE BREEZE HISSES THE SAND OVER GREAT,WINDERODED ROCKS AND DUMPS IT LIKE FRAIL DREAMS AND SAD WHISPERS OVER AGES OLD TIRED FORMATIONS OF STONE. IT IS A QUITE, DEATHLESS, TIMELESS WORLD.....IT IS, OUR FUTURE.....



YOU KNOW,WE SPECULATE..WE TRY TO OUTGUESS THE UNPREDICTABLE WHIMS OF NATURE AND WE ARE SELDOM RIGHT. BUT, WE CAN GUESS WITH UNERRING ACCURACY,THE FUTURE OF HOMO SAPIENS. THAT CREATURE MADE IN THE IMAGE OF GOD HIMSELF!..MAN, IS THE GREAT DESTROYER,THE INSATIABLE TAKER. MAN, WILL BLOW HIMSELF UP AND LEAVE A WORLD STERILIZED BY HIS GENIUS.

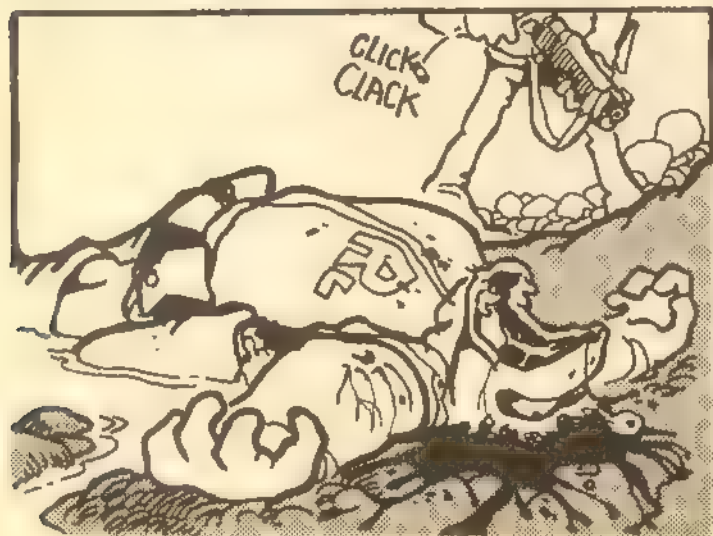
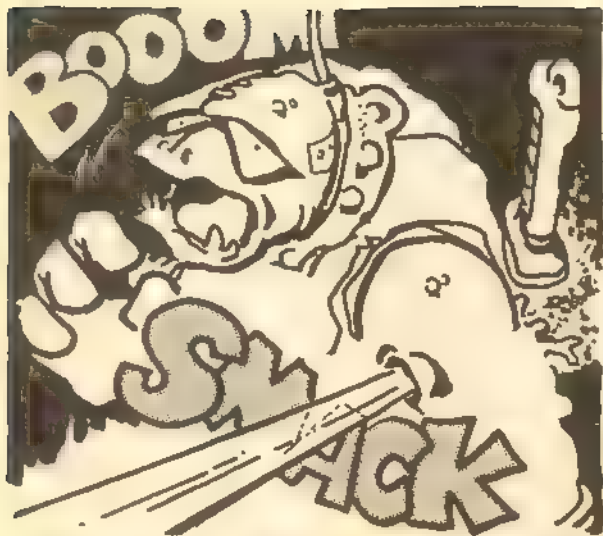


BUT MAN,OR WHAT THE RADIATION AND THE CONSTANT HOT RAINS AND HIGH ROENTGEN DUST STORMS MAKE HIM, WILL STILL CLING TENACIOUSLY TO HIS QUESTIONABLE RIGHT TO SURVIVE.....HIS INALIENABLE RIGHT TO CONTINUE STRIPPING HIS RAPED WORLD.....



IN THE LATE AFTERNOON, WHEN THE LIGHT BREEZE BLOWS THE HISsing SAND, A FORM, A CREATURE, AN UGLY VERSION OF A ONCE-MAN, PADS ACROSS THE WARM SAND..... HE IS A MUTATION BELONGING, LIKE AN ANIMAL, TO THE RADIOS, A REMNANT OF LONG PAST CIVILIZATIONS... HE IS A LOPER, A RADIO CONTROLLED LOPER, SCOUTING AHEAD OF A RADIO TRANSPORT....





THE LOPER IS LEFT TO LAY AND ROT QUIETLY IN THE COZY CREEK BED .. HE IS OF NO CONSEQUENCE NOW, HE WILL ROT OR BE EATIN' BY SOME STARVING MUTATION...IT DOESN'T MATTER...WE FOLLOW HIS KILLER, A SLIGHTLY BUILT MAN-LIKE CREATURE WHO WEARS THE NOT UNCOMMON 'WHITE CLOTH' TO HIDE HIS UGLY DEFORMITY...HE CLIMBS UP THE CRUMBLING HILL FEELING A DEEDNESS, A HEAVYNESS OF PURPOSE THAT OVER SHADOWS THE RIGHT OR WRONG OF MURDER...HIS RIDING ANIMAL, A GRASSER, MUNCHES ON DUST WEED.. IT WATCHES THE LITTLE MASTER WITH UNCONCERN THE MAN-CREATURE PULLS THE GRASSER TO ITS KNEES AND MOUNTS THE CREEKY LEATHER SADDLE.. HE SHOVES HIS WOLF CARBINE INTO THE SADDLE SCABBARD, DRAWS HARD WITH THE REINS, KICKING THE DUMB BEAST UP ON ITS FEET.... THE GRASSER MOVES OFF WITH A SLOW, DELIBERATE STRIDE, ROCKING OR WADDLING ALONG NARROW PATHS HIGH ABOVE THE CANYON FLOOR.....

THIS BEGINS IT, THIS STARTS THE PROPHECY OF THE FUTURE, THE HISSING SAND, AND THE LONELY FIGURE HIGH ATOP A PLAINS BEAST....THIS IS WHERE I BEGIN THE UNIQUE STORY OF THE LITTLE MAN-CREATURE WHO IS KNOWN TO A FEW MUTATIONS, TO A FEW ANIMALS, TO A FEW FLYING THINGS AS:

COBALT 60

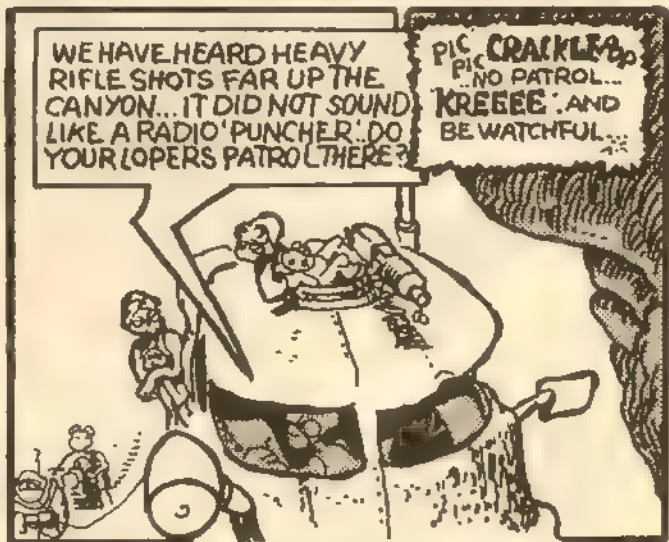
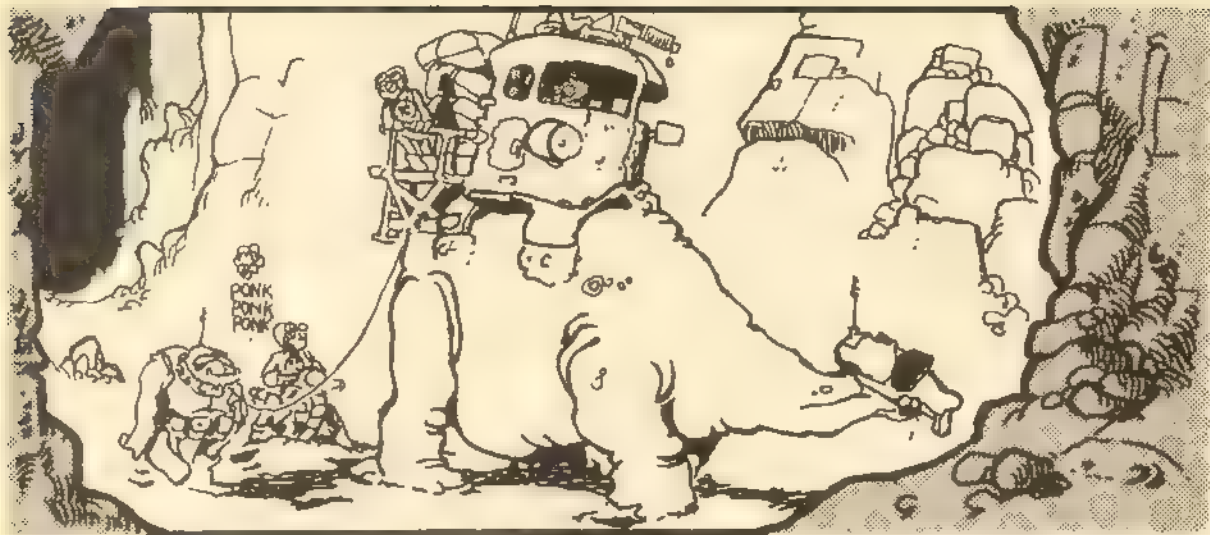


ALRIGHT, YOU BE EASY NOW,
BIG ANIMAL.... I SEE
WHAT I AM LOOKING FOR...



...THE RADIO
TRANSPORT
IS COMING...





STARDUST, TELL THEM
OUR LOPER SCOUT IS
OUT TOO LONG....

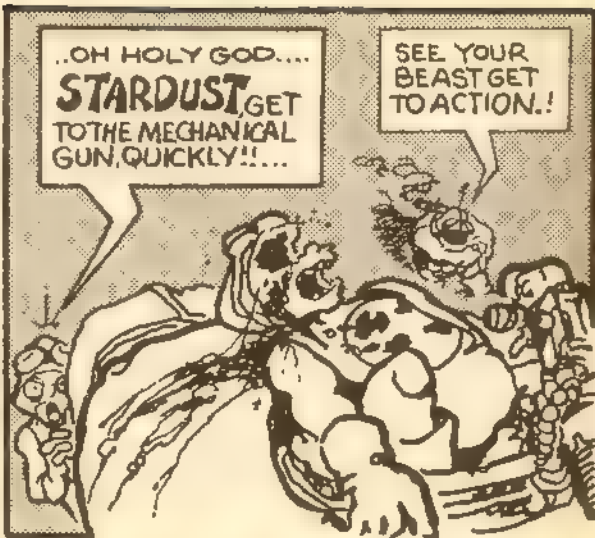
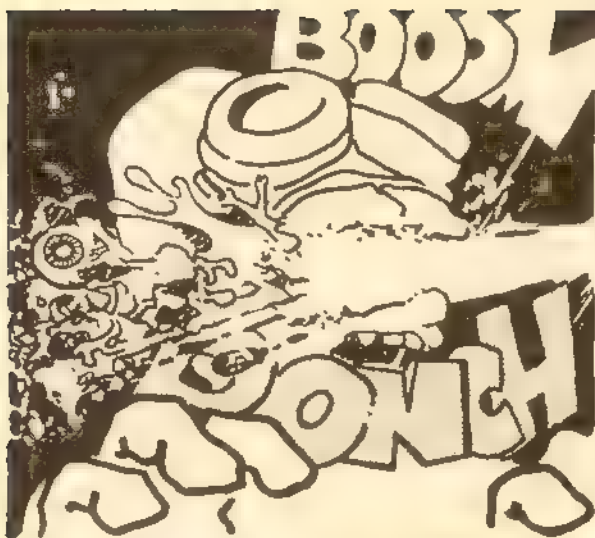


MORE CAUSE FOR
SUSPICION... THERE
CAN BE MUTATIONS
UP THERE...

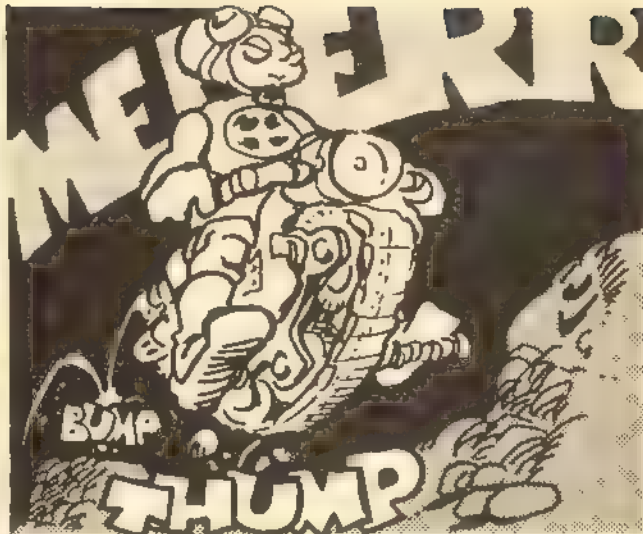


HAHA, THE SOUND
OF GUNFIRE WAS
A BLUE CRACKER
AT ITS WORK, EH?...
YOU WORRY TOO
EASY, HONORED ONE...





I SEE THA' BASTARD!!



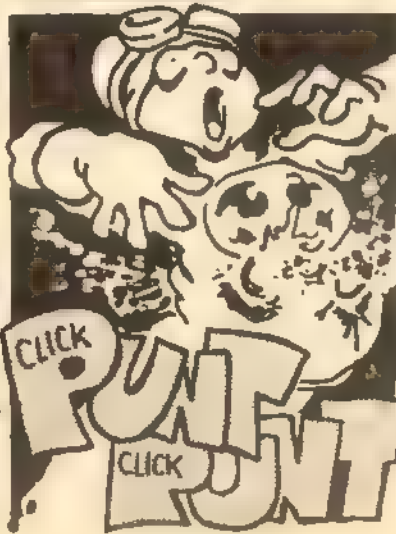
YARGH!



DA, DAMN YA, YOU!!!



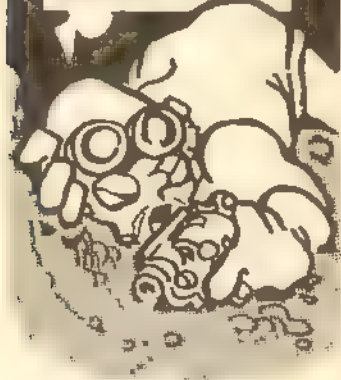
CLICK



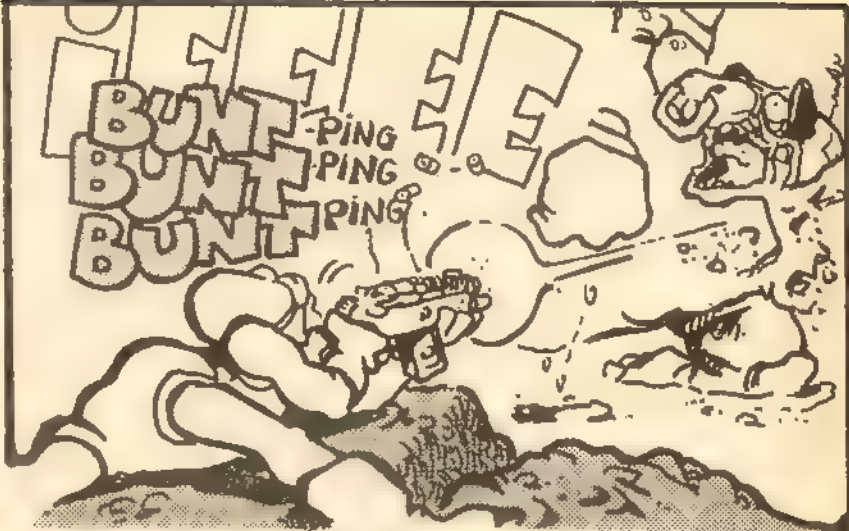
OOOOH GEESSS
KAK'COUGH!



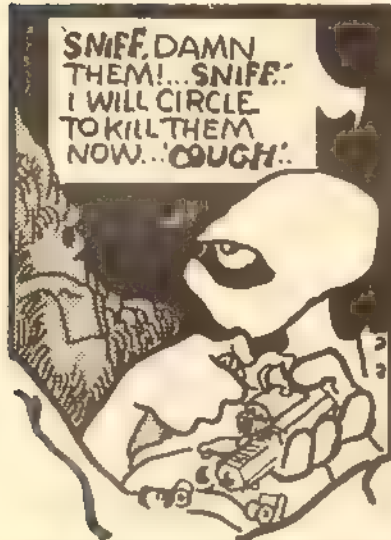
MAKE US
COVER! SHOOT
DOWN THE GREAT
GRASSER!!



BUNT
BUNT
BUNT
-PING
PING
PING



'SNIFF, DAMN
THEM!...SNIFF.'
I WILL CIRCLE
TO KILL THEM
NOW... 'COUGH'..

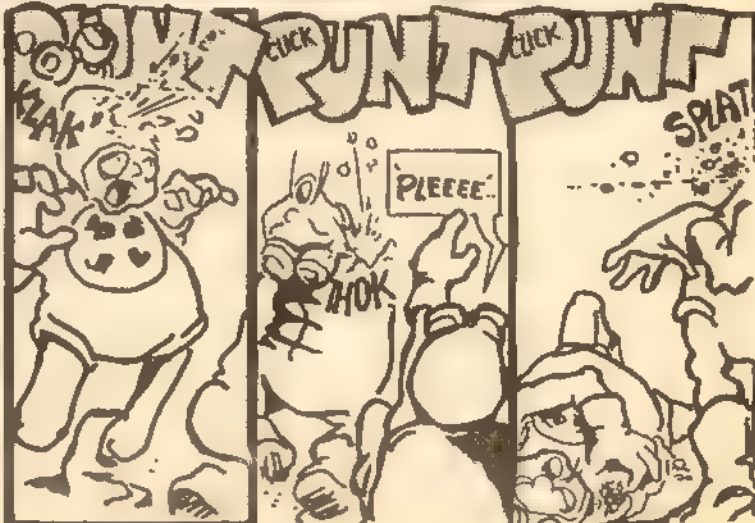
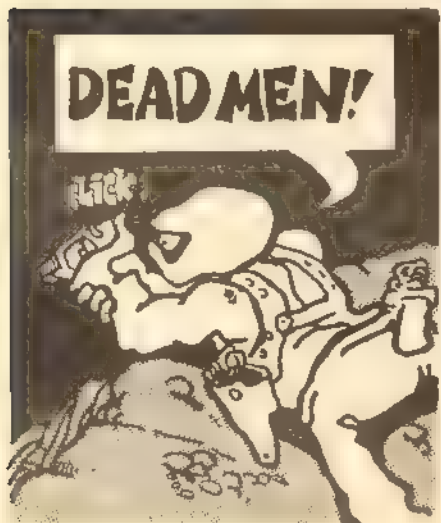


HONORED ONE,
DID...DID WE
HIT HIM? ALL
IS QUIET.....

BE STILL...
WE WAIT..



DEAD MEN!



WHAT?
JESUS,
THA'
LOPER!!



RARRGH!

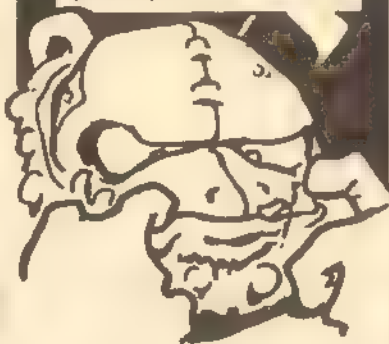
KOOOFE!



GASP CAN'T GET..
YARRRGH!



...HO!.. SQUIRM
AWAY LIKE WORM
FISH!.. PA-TOOY..
YOU BREAK LOPER'S
TOOTH...



NO LISTEN! IT'S OVER!
I WANTED THE
RADIOS... WE CAN
STOP... LISTEN!!..
I.. COUGH, COUGH...

HEHEHE..



YOU SCARED
TO FIGHT, BIG
LOPER.....



.....I... SMASH
LITZIE SKULL,
WORM-MAN!



HEY!

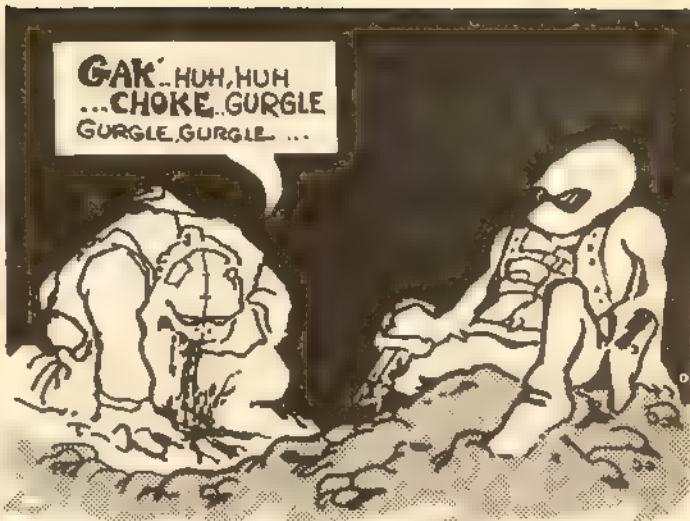
YOU
DIRTY...



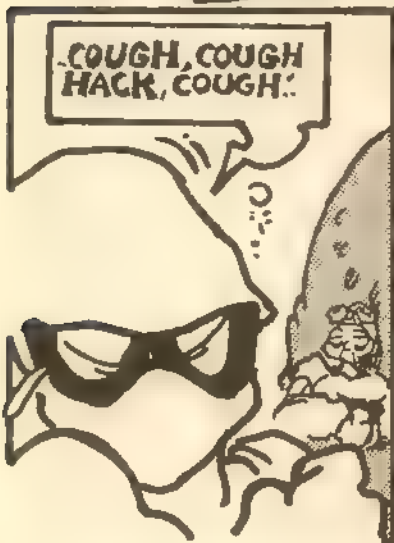
...PIG!



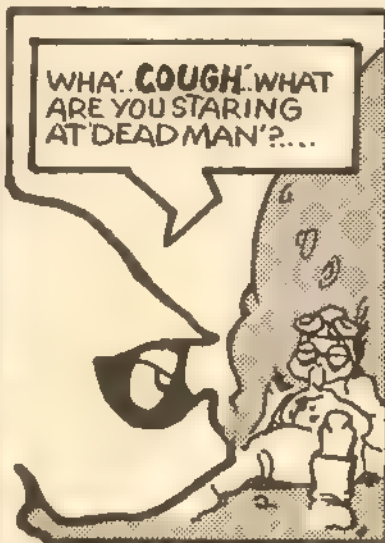
GAK...HUH,HUH
...CHOKE,GURGLE
GURGLE,GURGLE...



..COUGH, COUGH
HACK, COUGH..



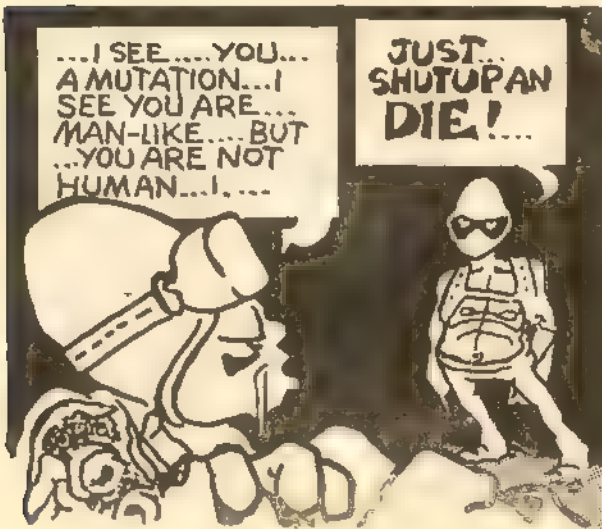
WHA!..COUGH..WHAT
ARE YOU STARING
AT 'DEAD MAN'?....



DON'T LOOK
AT ME!!

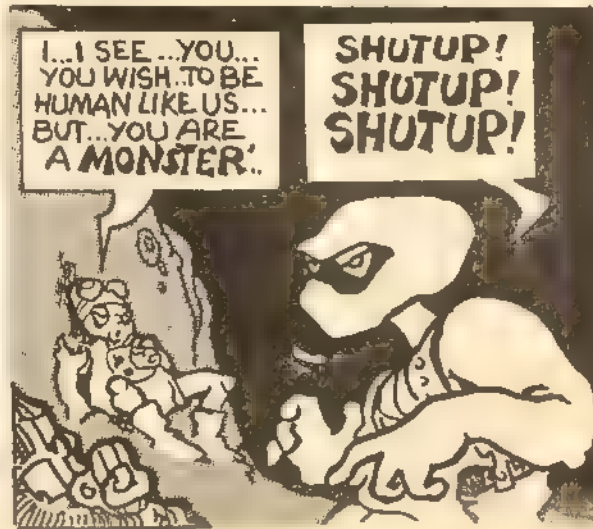


...I SEE...YOU...
A MUTATION...I
SEE YOU ARE...
MAN-LIKE... BUT
...YOU ARE NOT
HUMAN...I,...



JUST...
SHUTUP AND
DIE!...

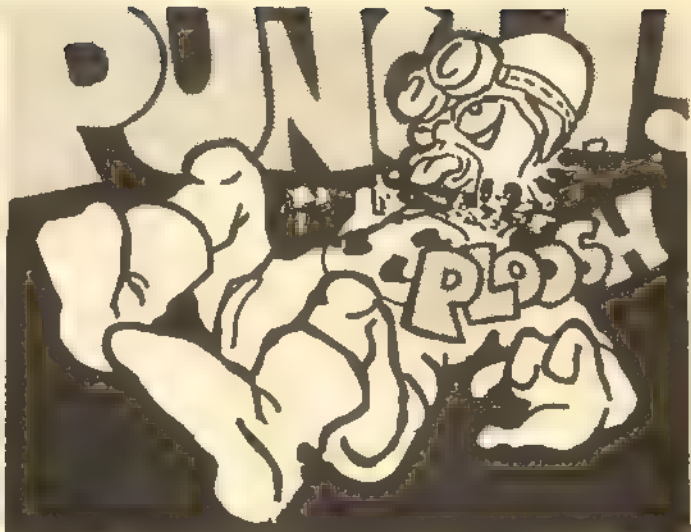
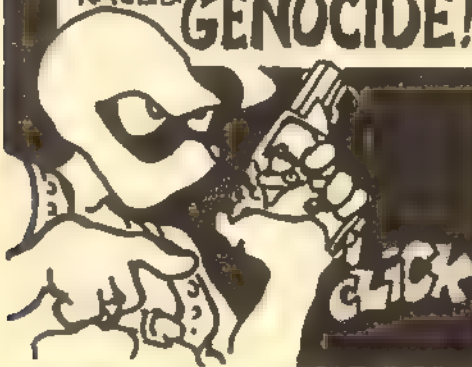
I...I SEE...YOU...
YOU WISH...TO BE
HUMAN LIKE US...
BUT...YOU ARE
A MONSTER..



SHUTUP!
SHUTUP!
SHUTUP!

YOU ARE THE MURDERERS,
YOU ARE THE MONSTERS..
THE RADIO ARE TRYING TO
EXTERMINATE ALL MUTANT
RACES.

GENOCIDE!



IN THE EARLY EVENING, THE WIND DIES AND THE HISSING SAND IS STILL AND A COOL QUIET HANGS OVER THE EMPTY, STERILE PLACES... COBALT 60 RIDES SLOWLY AWAY ON HIS PLAINS ANIMAL... OFF INTO THE GREAT OLD MOUNTAINS.....



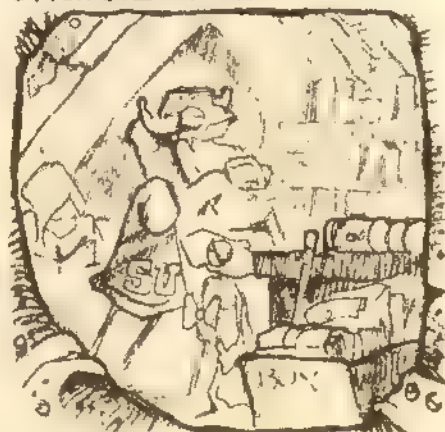
CHEECH WIZARD

IN HIS
STUDENT
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by
VAUGHN
BODE

ONCE UPON A TIME, AT 2:30 IN THE AFTERNOON, ON THE TINY PLANET OF SUMMERMOUSE [WHICH ORBITS IN A PLANE PERPENDICULAR TO THE REST OF OUR SOLAR SYSTEM], THERE LIVES AN UNIDENTIFIABLE, BUT ALL TOO FAMILIAR HAT NAMED, CHEECH... HE ISN'T A TOTAL HAT EXACTLY... I MEAN HE'S CERTAINLY FULL OF SOME SORT OF ORGANIC, SEMI-INTELLIGENT, FOOD STUFFING, BEER BELTING, LEFT LEANING CHUBBY LITTLE BODY... CHEECH ISN'T ALL HAT, BUT HE IS ALL STUDENT.. HIS UNYIELDING DEVOTION TO HIS FRATERNITY AND S.U. (SORCEROR'S UNIVERSITY UP ON GOOD OL' MOON CHUNK CRATER) HAS CAUSED HIM TO REPEAT SEMESTER AFTER SEMESTER... AHH... BUT DOES CHEECH COMPLAIN, DOES HE JOIN IN TO TOPPLE THE MUSTY TOWERS OF THE UNIVERSITY'S TRADITIONAL DOGMA?..... USUALLY NOT NEVER....

WAY UP IN THE FRATERNITY HOUSE, IN THE ATTIC, WHERE CHEECH HAS HIS INGENIOUS LODGING'S AND LABORATORY, [THAT'S THE SCIENCE KIND NOT THE BATH-ROOM KIND] CHEECH IS ENGAGED IN DARK MAGIC STUFF THAT ONLY HE CAN COMPREHEND OR THINK ABOUT...



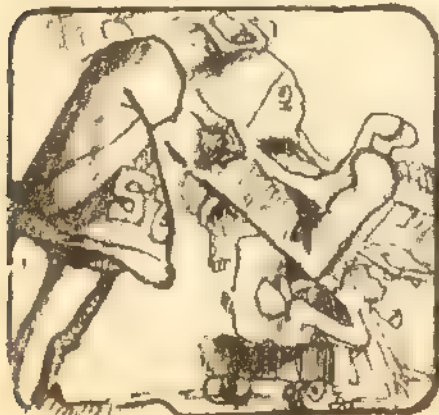
NOW, STICK TO DO... YOU SPICE DA' FAT OHM LATOR CURRENT CONDUCTOR INTO DA FARMACIDE FEEDER AN PULL OUT THA GRAHMBONE CIRCUIT BREAKER.... DAT DA STUFF, KID....

HEY THERE BIG HAT... WHY DON'T CHA' COME OVER HERE AN REST YER' CUTE LITTLE BRAIN PAN -

SHUT UP, I TRYIN' TO CONCENTRATE ON DA LAST FEW CRUCIAL SECONDS OF MY CREATION...

I... I CAN'T DO IT! NO!.... I CAN'T USURP GODS DEVINE OPTION....

DO IT, FROG, OR I GONNA OPTION YOU RIGHT IN DA MOUTH WITH MY FOOT!!..

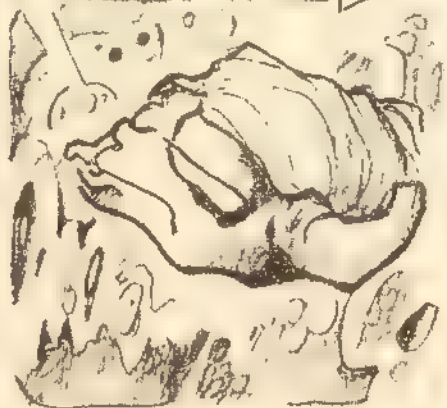
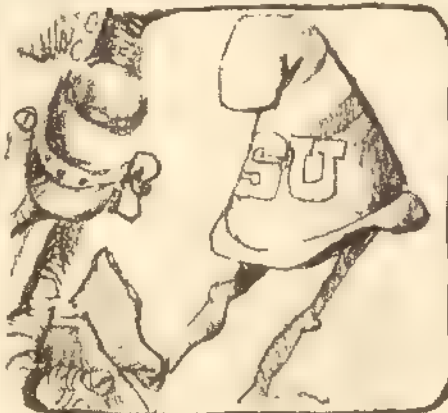


YOU NOT GOD
CHEECH! YOU
YOU JUST A
LONG STANDIN'
STUDENT!!

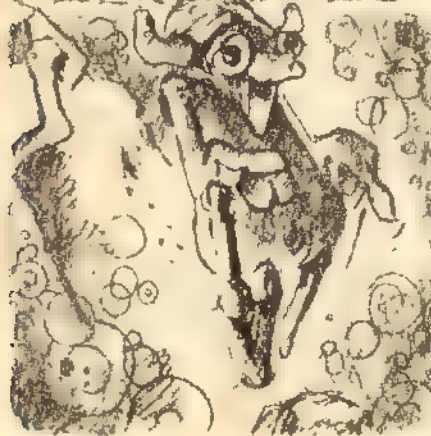
HE'S NOT REALLY
SO LONG WHEN
HE'S LYIN DOWN.
ARE YOU CHEECHY
POO? UMMMM??

I REJECTS WHAT YOU BOTH SAID WE
NOT HERE TO GLORIFY ME. NOT AT DA
MOMENTANYWAY. DA 'ORGANIC
STIMULATION MORE IN ORDER... OKAY,
STAND BY FOR ORGANIC STIM.....

SWAP
POO



KATONG

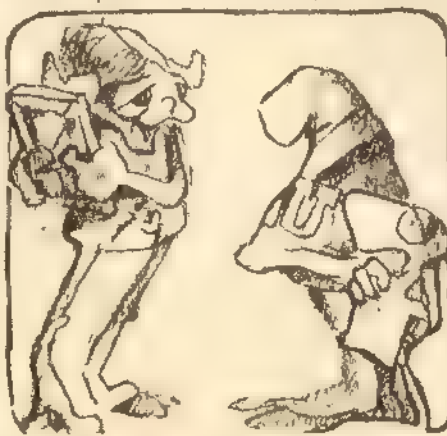


THAY
WHAT
OR WHO
IS I?..

YOUNGLY, IS MY POTENTIAL
TICKET DOWN EASY STREET.
I GONNA SELL YOU TO DA
DUMB UNIVERSITY AS A
COLLEGE PROF....

DA HARD TO ACCEDT
ON AN EMPTY STOMACH
...I NOT BORN YESTER-
DAY YOU KNOW. WHAT
SUBJECTS I GOTTA TEACH?..

SOCIAL,
RELIGIOUS
AN PHYSICAL
DEFORMITY.



NEVER!
I'LL SEE ME
DEAD
FIRST!!

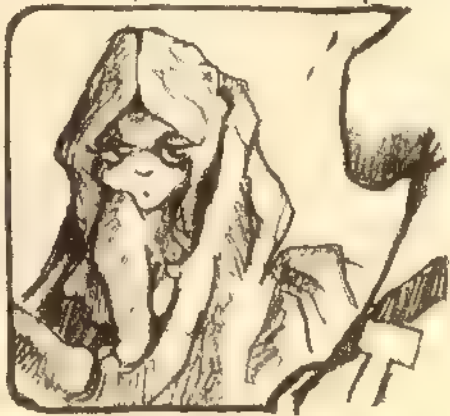
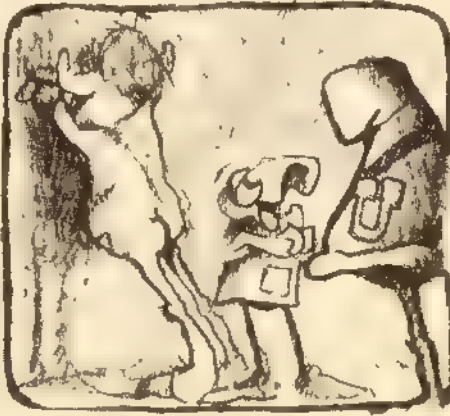
DAT A DISTINCT
POSSIBILITY UNLESS
YOU FILL MY COFTERS
WIF A LITTLE TUITION
AN DRINKIN' BREAD...

YOU GOING TO
BE DISAPPOINTED..
MY BREAD ALWAYS
COMES OUT FLAT.. I'M
NOT YEAST SENSITIVE...

YEAH CHEECH YOU
CAN'T EXPECT IT'
TO BE A PROE'
AND DO YOUR
BREAD, TOO!

SOMEBODY
SAY SOME-
THING ABOUT
'CHEECY-PIES'
BED?..~7

WE DISCUSSIN'
BREAD, BROAD,
NOT, BED!!



BOOM!

GOOD LORD!
HE DONE BLOWED
OUT HIS FRONTAL-
LOBE!!

DAT, LITTLE WART,
IS WHAT I CALLS;
A SINCERE
STATEMENT OF
POLICY....

...UMM... BUT, AS LUCK WOULD HAVE IT
HIS MOTOR ABILITIES IS UNHAMPERED..
DAT MEAN HIS MARKET POTENTIAL
GONNA FALL INTO TWO AREAS...WE
CAN SELL HIM AS A COACH...OR A
FOOTBALL....



WAR LIZARD

OOP. AY MAN.
HERE COMES
MY SPECIALTY.

RUNT



GOTTA RELOAD HERE

FLINK

HIP SHOT.

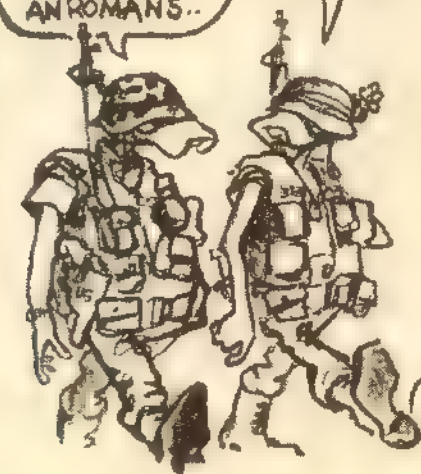


WE IS IN THE
TRADITION OF
THA GREEKS AN
ROMANS..

WHY YOU
SAY THAT?

WHY I
SAY
WHAT?

WHY YOU SAY
WE LIKE THA
GREEKS AN
STUFF?...



WELL MAN, I SAYS
WE IN THA TRADISH
OF GREEKS AN
ROMANS CAUSE
WE IS DA LEADERS
OF OUR CIVILIZATION.
..IT ALL DEPEND
ON US....

U.M.

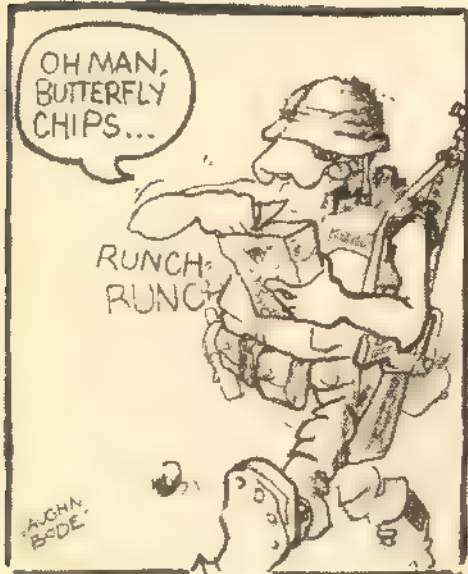
I FEEL LIKE
KILLIN SOME-
THING TODAY.

AHH CAN
LIZARDS
GET VD?

HOW WE
GONNA
GET VD?
WE DON'T
GOT NO
REPRODUCTIVE
ORGANS..

I GOT A
HARMONICA







RUNCH



VAUGHN
BOOE

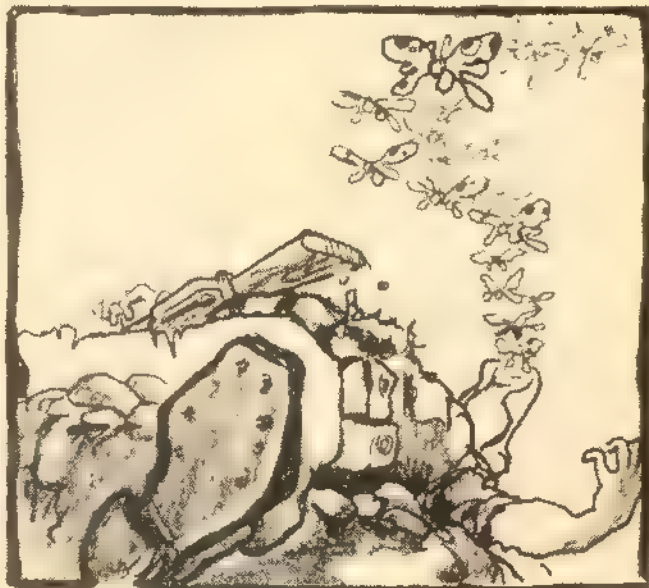


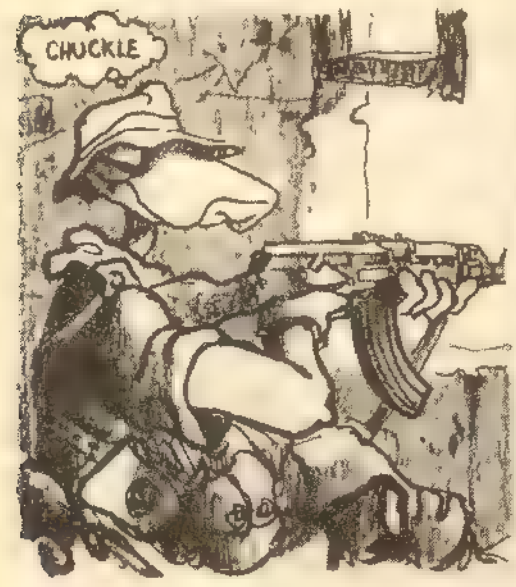
I AM THINKIN ABOUT
WHEN I WAS JUST
A KID LIZARD..

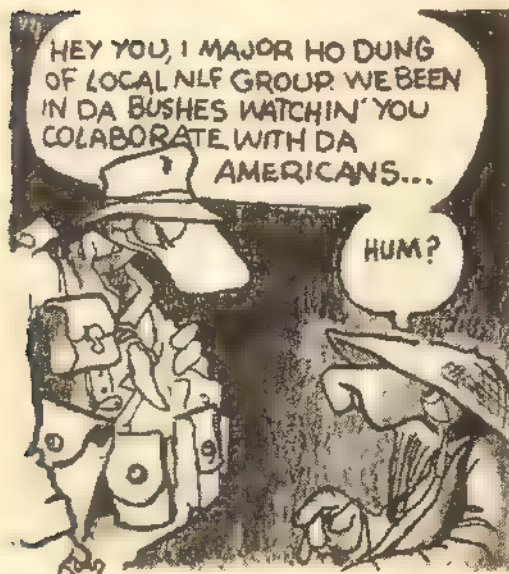
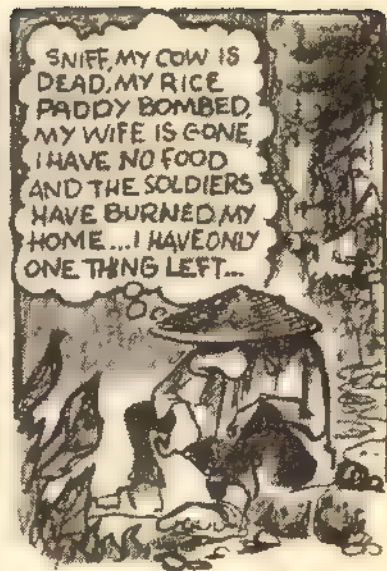
MAN, ME AN MY OL'
BROTHERS.. WE USETA'
HAVE A TIME ALRIGHT..
WE SURE COULD RAISE
ETHA' DEVIL .SHUCKS

...I MEAN ITS LIKE INSIDE
I'M STILL A KID. WE GOTTA
PRETEND WE ALL GROWN UP,
BUT INSIDE IT STILL MY OL'
BROTHERS AN ME...

VAUGHN
BOOE



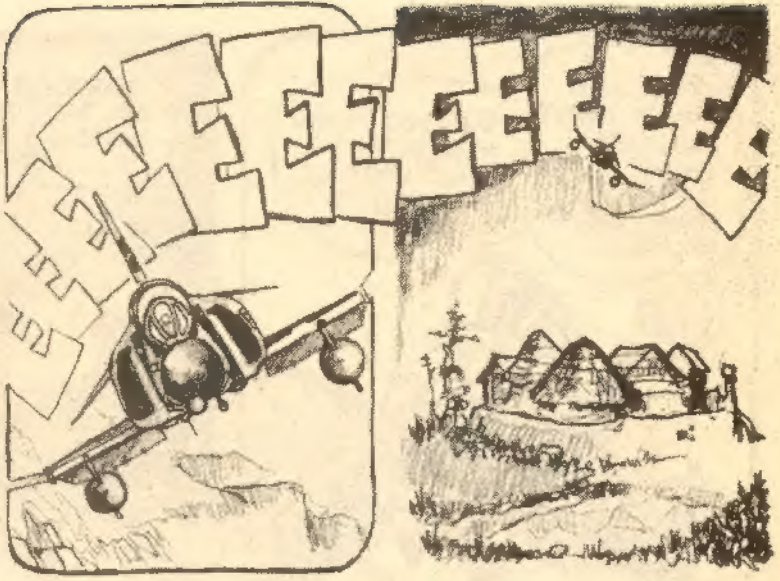




AHH, RODGE, FAC, THIS
IS APPLE-PIE LEADER. I
SEE YOUR MARKER..
MAKING MY RUN
NOW....



VAUGHN
CODE







GOOK BABIES
GOT ENTRAILS.

NOSHIT.

VAUGHN BODÉ

